FURY

FURY

THE EXCITING WORLD OF YOUNG MEN



portraits of bachelors

pictorial—girls and the devil

true murder mystery [illegible]

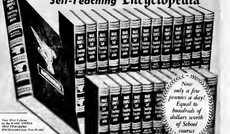
how to make time in the big town

how to handle the hangover



A NEW KIND OF COWBOY
See Page 14

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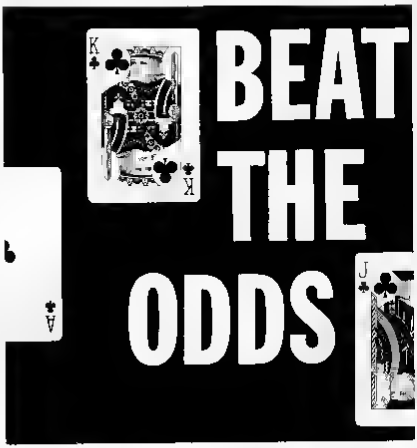
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INSIDE FURY





This month's FURY is another he-man's package full of the things you like. Hard-hitting fiction: Murder on Telegraph Trail, Loser Takes All, A Bomb for Philomena. Gorgeous girls: Honey At Home, Devil's Delight, Tonight for Sure. Plus cartoons, features, jokes, bachelor portfolio. Turn the pages, and you'll see we haven't forgotten anything.



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MERCENARY

DEAR SIRS: The article by Otto Scheetman (*My Business Is Murder*, FURY April) should be read by everybody who thinks war and soldiering are glamorous and exciting. Mr. Scheetman did a commendable job in describing the true nature of war and the professional soldier. He is right—murder is their business!

ZENO CARPARTI
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR SIRS: Let's face it: some men are born to be soldiers. Apparently Mr. Scheetman is one of those men. Actually it's not a bad life. A good mercenary is well paid, he travels and leads an exciting life. At least it's more satisfying than grinding away your life as a clerk in some office.

HARVEY SHMLOCK
Los Angeles, California

DEAR SIRS: As long as there are men like Otto Scheetman, we will have wars and violence. How long would it take to teach such a man that all men are brothers and not enemies?

PETER FINCH
Cleveland, Ohio

FICTION BUFFS

DEAR SIRS: I've come to expect good hard hitting stories in FURY, but your 20th anniversary issue (FURY April) topped them all. I thought each story was exceptional, but I particularly enjoyed *The Specialist*. The combination of ordinary living mixed with terror was handled with a master's touch. Author George Joseph should be complimented for a job well done.

ALAN FRUMMER
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Come now, author Neil Neitzel (*What's In a Name*, FURY April) is really stretching things too far. I know because I am a cop and believe me, a cop's life is a far cry from the delights that Mr. Neitzel described. It was a pleasant fantasy though. I couldn't help envying the conquests of the hero of that tale. It should happen to me.

MICHAEL M.
San Francisco, California

DEAR SIRS: You hit a new low, appropriately enough, for your 20th anniversary issue. The stories you chose for this gala affair were too put it mildly, terrible. What clap-trap and nonsense. Your editors should get on the ball. If it weren't for the girls, nobody would read this sheet.

JOHN DYER
St. Louis, Mo.

ANNIVERSARY BONUS

DEAR SIRS: Your editors should be convicted of inflicting cruel and unusual punishment on its poor readers. That galaxy of beauties you published in your last issue was too much. Such a display of feminine pulchritude can only lead to envy, frustration and a general dissatisfaction with the life of the ordinary guy. PLEASE—do it again!

ARTHUR HALPER
Carson City, Nebraska

READERS SOUND OFF



DEAR SIRS: Delicious, delectable and delightful! How else can a normal red-blooded American male describe your 20th anniversary round up of favorite models. Every one was a gem and they provide one of the main reasons why FURY is a favorite of men everywhere. Keep up the good work!

BERNARD HAYNES
Lubbock, Texas

DEAR SIRS: I chanced upon your magazine in a friend's house and I was curious as to what interests men. What a shock! If your magazine is any guide all they're interested in is woman—preferably undressed. At first, I was shocked. But then as I though about it a little, I realized it was a good thing. Where would we girls be if men weren't interested?

SANDRA E.
Drexel Hill, Pa.

PROMISE THEM ANYTHING

DEAR SIRS: I read that article about that make-out artist (*Promise Them Anything*, FURY April) and decided to try his method. There's this chick I've been chasing for months with no luck, so I figured what could I lose? Well, I promised her everything. Know what she did? She laughted in my face and showed me the door. Now she won't even talk to me. Thanks a lot!

MARVIN BURCIK
Shamokin, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Come now, you're revealing all at once here. Hardly that new or earth shattering. Any man who has had any experience with women will tell you the same thing. Sweet talk and promises will always win. All you have to do is know what to say and what to promise.

STONEY R.
Trenton, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: Men make me laugh. They're always trying tricks and lines like the ridiculous method described in that article. None of these ever work because a *real* man doesn't need it. He knows that women are no different than men in this way: they want exactly the same thing. If men spent more time doing and less worrying, both they and their women would be a lot more satisfied and happy.

MARCERY SAWYER
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR SIRS: Thank you for that exciting and informative article in April FURY on Operation Lumberjack. Were the girls exposed in this issue members of this camp? Somehow the great acorns exposed changed my infant delight adolescent fright and mature allure to adder disgust. Your Oedipus Complex is showing! You won't print this!

JON C. WALTON
Northampton, Mass.

Well, something is showing somewhere.—Editor



FURY

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Ted Underwood
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Luke Roberts

ART DIRECTOR
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LOSER TAKES ALL



he knew he had to lose. in fact, he would lose even if he chanced to win

by LUKE ROBERTS

"No hands?" Stuart Hallowell repeated it for the tenth time, his pale blue eyes mirroring his scepticism. He tapped the cards he was holding lightly against his pursed lips. Finally he shook his head and jabbed at me with a pudgy forefinger. "It's impossible, Jerry. Can't be done!"

"So it's impossible," Bill Anderson said irritably. "Let's get on with the game."

I shrugged and went back to studying my hand. Not good, not bad. Hallowell tossed a card on the discard pile, picked up another, barely glanced at it. It



was obvious his mind wasn't on gin.

We were in the executives' club car on a commuter train headed for Long Island. Hallowell had invited me out for the weekend, and since he was my boss I had to cancel my own plans for a session of delightful bondoir games with Rita. Of course she was plenty burned when I phoned her from the station, but I figured the bracelet I decided to get her would cool her off. Meanwhile, I was stuck.

I'd scored big that afternoon, signed a client who had eluded every other salesman in the firm. Hallowell called me into his office to tell me that I not only had a healthy bonus coming, but a raise as well.

"Let's drink to that, Nevins," the Boss Man said. He went to the built-in bar and broke out a bottle of Scotch that was still covered with heather dew. Next we sampled his Bushmill's, then followed it with some Napoleon brandy. But when he rashly suggested Italian wine, I begged off.

By this time the Boss Man was calling me by my first name and telling me his troubles. It seemed his wife had complaints about being neglected. Maybe it's because I don't take her out enough. D'you think that might be it, Jerry?" he asked in a blubbery voice. "I don't know. I just don't have the pep I used to. Give me an interesting game or a complicated puzzle to work on, and I'm content. I forget about everything—even Sandra. Y'know?"

I nodded sympathetically, although it was easy to imagine that Mrs. Hallowell—the *second* Mrs. Hallowell, he'd confided—probably felt that a stiff nightcap and a sexy novel made better bed companions than her paunchy sponse. At any rate, when his secretary announced over the intercom that he'd have to leave immediately in order to make the 4:25, Hallowell suddenly had a brainstorm.

"Look, Jerry," he said, standing on tip-toe to throw an arm around my shoulder, "why don't you come home with me? Be a big surprise for the old woman, and having company would be a welcome change from the dull routine. How 'bout it?"

"Maybe I could drive out Sunday afternoon," I suggested, thinking of my scheduled romp with Rita.

"Nonsense! Come for the weekend."

"But I don't even have a toothbrush with me," I protested.

Hallowell pooh-poohed. I could borrow a pair of his pajamas and buy anything else I needed after we got out there, he said. So I phoned Rita and broke the bad news, reminding her that business must come before pleasure. I didn't convince myself either.

Now I was seated in the club car playing gin with Hallowell, Bill Anderson, a vice president of our firm, and a junior executive type whose name I didn't catch. I don't remember exactly, but it must have been back at the office that I made the casual remark about making love to a woman without using my hands. Hallowell had stared at me for a moment, then said flatly, "Can't be done!" But the idea obviously intrigued him because he kept bringing it up.

"Come on, keep your mind on the game, Stu," Bill Anderson said. "Nevins is just putting you on."

"Oh, I don't know," the fourth guy in the game chimed in. "It might be possible."

"For instance?" Anderson was sarcastic.

"Well," he might. "The guy shrugged. "Hell, don't ask me. It wasn't *my* idea."

Hallowell regarded me owlishly. "You're not pulling my leg, are you, Jerry?"

I grinned. "What do you want me to do? Prove it in Macy's window?"

(*continued on page 52*)



To Be Continued...

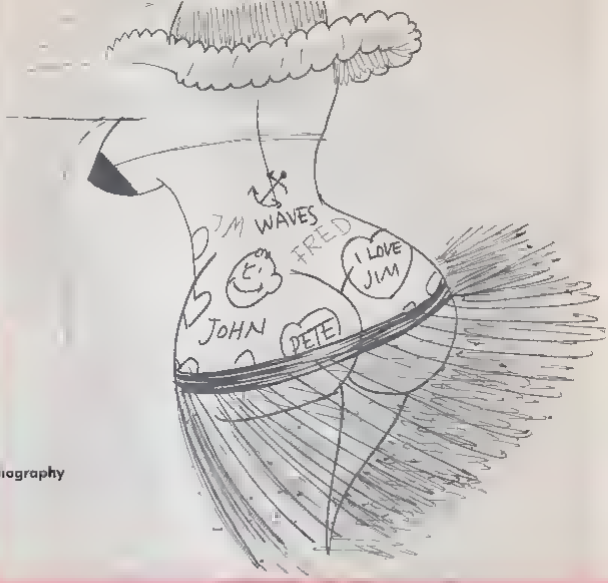
– telling a simple little story with....

A HAPPY END!

DENNIS is a cartoonist who is justly famous for his way with women. His trenchant pen can capture all of their delightfully feminine foibles like no other. Recently, Dennis visited a nightclub that featured Hula dancers in its floor show. He watched the dancers and was delighted with the show, especially with the pelvic gyrations of the artistes. Thus inspired, Dennis went

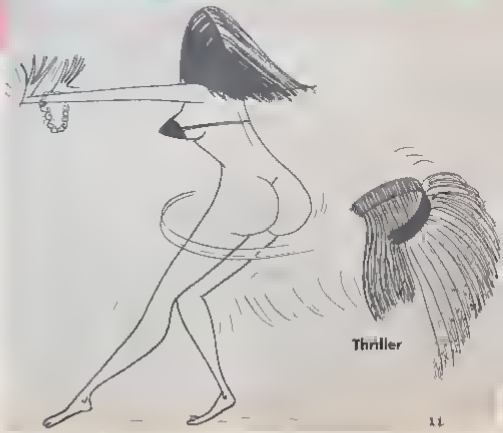


Who Done It?

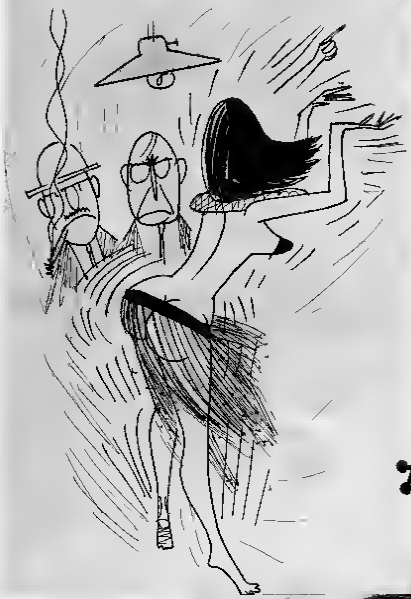


Autobiography

home to his drawing board, took pen in hand and composed this delightful series. Based upon the grass-skirted, ample bottomed dancers, Dennis created this series of one line stories especially for FURY We, of course, were delighted with the results and here, on these pages, we're passing on the fun to you



Thriller



Blebbing To The Cops

A HAPPY END!



Audience Participation



Bedtime Story



Wide Screen Epic

'TONIGHT FOR SURE!'

Movies, they tell us, ore better thon ever. After seeing o preview of this movie, we're inclined to ogree. Tonight for sure is different. A reol odult western — for odults



The hero of this movie is, naturally, ths sheriff and here she is, sitting on a fence wearing the same costume she wears all the time



The sheriff, bless her heart, is tied up with the local proprietor of the gambling house, another well-dressed lass who doesn't like to change clothes



The villain, seen here seated on his horse, rides into town and threatens to take over. He wants to see all the girls get dressed. He don't like nudity.

(continued on page 16)

'TONIGHT FOR SURE!'



When the sheriff hears that bluenose Pete is heading her way, she calls out a posse to track the villain down and to keep him out of her town



Director and camera crew, above prepare to shoot one of the scenes of the movie. This low-budget epic was shot in less than three months



Between takes, the gals in the cast take time off for a dip in the lake. Hot desert sun made this kind of swim break a necessity every afternoon



Scene 3. Take 2 reads clapboard held by assistant director before action begins. Directors and crew hope to make more movies



Lovely Virginia Gordon, above, relaxes between takes. Virginia plays the part of a Faro dealer in the town's gambling casino

(continued on page 18)



Sheriff and deputy in circle above return to town after dunking the villain in the lake The town is now safe for gals



Cuddlesome prospector takes time out to cuddle her burro between sets She become so attached to the animal that she kept him as her own pet



Villain, left, is stripped and left in the desert by the sheriff He promises to leave the town and to never return if freed



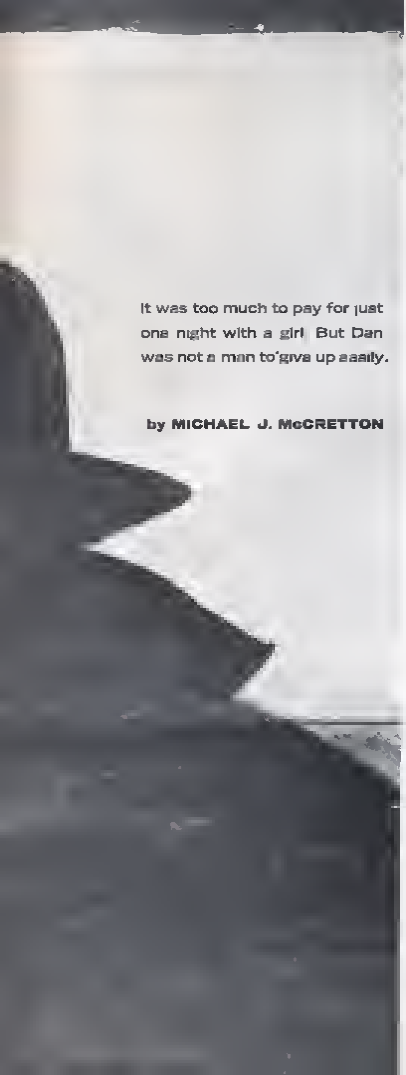
Posse, above, stands in shade of a tree after they run villain out of the town. Now they all go back to their everyday jobs



Gambling casino, bottom, is open for business once more. Everybody, including the town sheriff, are pleased with their lots.

'TONIGHT FOR SURE!'


2
JUM
AHEAD



It was too much to pay for just one night with a girl. But Dan was not a man to give up easily.

by MICHAEL J. McCRETTON

The intercom on Daniel Partridge's desk came to life with a squawk, arousing him from his reverie. "Yes?" he said, frowning at the blank face of the box, his expression of martyrdom wasted on the secretary who couldn't see him.

"A Mr. Summers, from Broadway Photo Studios. He says it's very important. Mr. Partridge."

The president of the Partridge Novelty Company sighed resignedly, rubbed a white, well-groomed hand over his pink and silver scalp, and thought again how little people knew of the sufferings of the modern businessman: the sullenness of labor, the inequities of taxes, and worst of all, the demands upon his time. All this plus the competition. Always the competition. You had to stay two jumps ahead of the other guy at all times if you wanted to stay in this business. He said:

"Tell Mr. Summers I'm busy, tell him to come back next week."

"He insists on seeing you, Mr. Partridge. He says he came all the way from New York to see you."

The president groaned. "All right. Send him in."

The man who closed the oak-panelled door behind him was thin and ferret-faced, with oiled black hair and the lighted eyes of the dedicated salesman. He carried a brown envelope in his left hand and jabbed the right one forward like a sword thrust. Partridge took it in self-defense.

"Mr. Partridge? Good of you to see me. Summers is the name. Broadway Studios, New York. Perhaps you've heard of us."

"No," the older man said. "I don't get to New York much."

An eyebrow lifted.

"But last month?"

"Yes, last month I was there. For the convention. But I don't remember—"

"Oh, I don't believe we had the pleasure." Summers flashed a vulpine grin. "Not face to face, anyway. But perhaps we have some mutual friends."

"Oh?"

Partridge blinked slowly as he watched the man unwind the bit of string from around the envelope.

"Mr. Partridge, I know you're a busy man, so I won't waste your time. Our organization specializes in convention photographs. We number among our clientele some of the most distinguished names in American business. It would be a great pleasure for me to add your name to that roster."

"Photographs? I'm sorry, Mr. Summers. I'm not much for pictures. Not photogenic." He forced a small chuckle.

"I wouldn't be so sure. I'm rather pleased, for example, with this interesting candid study we made of you last month. It's the sort of portrait that can never be attained with a formal sitting. Don't you agree?"

He handed a glossy print over the desk and sat back, smiling. Partridge looked at it, and his jowls quivered. The world suddenly moved beneath the

(continued on page 50)

FURY'S

PARTY JOKES

Cut-Rate

A well-dressed out-of towner was registering at a swanky Las Vegas hotel when a beautiful blonde suggested "How would you like to take me out this evening?

"How much?" asked the knowing stranger

"Fifty bucks" said she

"I'll give you five" he countered The blonde walked off in a huff

Later the stranger's wife appeared and he was escorting her across the lobby when the blonde once more hove into view A broad grin lit her face and she whispered in the man's ear "See what you get for five dollars!

The curvesome young miss stepped out of a shower in her hotel suite and found a window washer gazing ecstatically at her from his perch outside the bath room The girl was too stunned even to reach for the towel she just stared and stared Finally the window washer broke the impasse by hollering

"Wassamatter lady? Ain't you never seen a win dow washer before?"

A weather forecaster offers what he calls the definitive reason why hurricanes are named after women "Figure it out yourself" he says "They're hurricanes not humcanes

What's The Difference?

Two five-year-old boys were hiking in the woods and came upon a fence with the words Nudist Colony painted on it One of the boys peeked through the fence "Gee," he said "There's a lot of naked people out there!

"Yah" said the other boy "Are they men or women?"

"I don't know" replied the first boy "They haven't got any clothes on"

The Lone Ranger and Tonto rode into a trap and found themselves surrounded by one thousand Indians on the warpath. The Indians began to charge

"Tonto" shouted the Masked Man. "We're in bad trouble"

Tonto turned to him and snarled "What you mean we, paleface?"

Girls interested in do-re-me often go fa.

Great Expectations

A girl went out with a young man for the first time They went to the theatre then to a fashionable restaurant for a wonderful supper After that the man took the girl up to his apartment. He excused himself for a moment While he was gone the girl looked around her She saw sharp knives on the walls She pushed aside a heavy curtain and saw that the windows were barred She rushed to the next room and found more knives and guns She tried a door and discovered it was nailed shut She was shaking with fright when the man came back dressed in pajamas "I'm going to rape you," he said "Thank heavens!" sighed the girl

---

Southern Accent

At the Miss America contest the representatives of the states of Vermont and Louisiana met in the dressing room

"We might as well face it," sighed the miss from Vermont "Men are all alike"

The Louisiana belle smiled in agreement and murmured "Men are all Ah-like too"

In a primitive town in Mexico a tourist noticed a native squatting lazily in the shade and asked him "Could you tell me the exact time?

The native yawned reached up to his burro standing in front of him and lifted the animal's tail "Senor" he announced "Ees exactly 10 37 a.m" Then he promptly went back to sleep

The tourist, intrigued walked a few steps to the plaza at the end of the street checked with the big clock on the cathedral tower and found that the time was indeed 10 37

Returning the same way hours later he saw that neither the native nor his burro had moved Again he requested the time Again the native lifted the burro's tail and politely droned "Ees exactly 4 51 p.m Again the cathedral clock verified his calculation

"This is amazing" marveled the tourist "Would you mind telling me how you can tell the exact time by merely lifting that lool burro's tail?

"Ees simple" the native assured him "When I leeft tail, I can see clock on cathedral tower"

And then there was the man who told his psychiatrist that he wanted to marry an octopus.

"You can't do that," said the head doctor

"Oh, no" replied the patient "Then what am I going to do with eight engagement rings?"

PORTFOLIO

for

BACHELORS

A SPECIAL PORTFOLIO FOR MEN CONTAINING ARTICLES CONTROVERSY HUMOR & COMMENT ON VARIOUS ASPECTS OF MODERN SOCIETY

MAKING OUT WITH THE BIG CITY GIRLS

a guide to the art of seduction as practiced on those girls who live in the city 24

PICTORIAL JAUNT WITH OUR FAVORITE MODEL

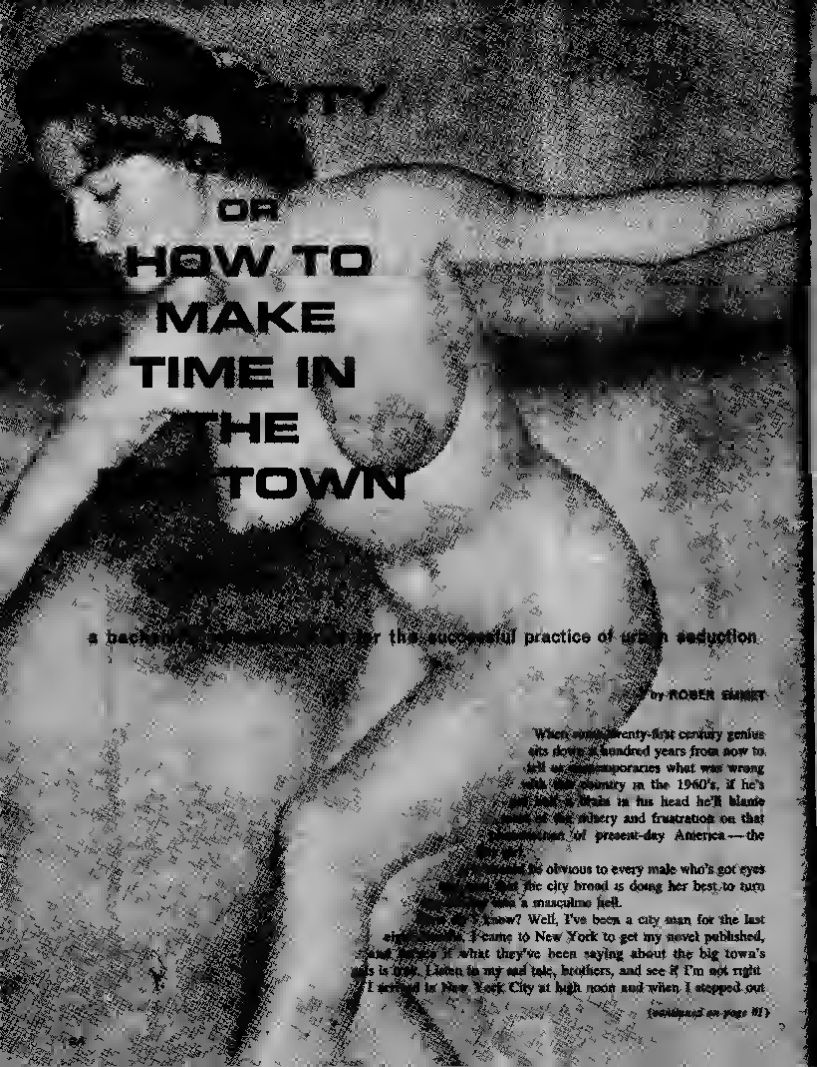
when we visit honey bee at home you ll want to stay and stay and stay and stay and stay 25

A BOMB FOR PHILOMENA

b traven the famous mexican author tells a sardonic tale of a man and his wife and 30

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO ABOUT HANGOVER

a scientific report that separates sense from nonsense about the morning after 36



OR HOW TO MAKE TIME IN THE TOWN

a backs[illegible] for the successful practice of urban seduction

by ROBIN GILBERT

When some twenty-first century genius sits down a hundred years from now to tell us contemporaries what was wrong with this country in the 1960's, if he's got half a brain in his head he'll blame some of the misery and frustration on that [illegible] of present-day America — the [illegible]

[illegible] obvious to every male who's got eyes [illegible] the city broad is doing her best to turn [illegible] a masculine hell.

[illegible] know? Well, I've been a city man for the last [illegible] months. I came to New York to get my novel published, [illegible] it what they've been saying about the big town's [illegible] is true. Listen to my sad tale, brothers, and see if I'm not right.

I arrived in New York City at high noon and when I stepped out

(continued on page 91)



HONEY AT HOME

FURY'S HONEY-OF-THE-MONTH IS HONEY HOLIDAY, A GAL WHO TURNS HER HAND AT BARTENDING, DANCING AND LIVING IT UP



■ Recently one of our editors flew to Los Angeles to check up on our West Coast distribution. Two days later, he sent us a frantic telegram, not about business, but extolling the virtues of a bar maid who worked in his hotel. He said her name was Honey, and that she was really a honey.





Our photographer left for California the next day, and when we saw the photo proofs here in the office all work stopped. Honey was indeed a honey, and the kind of girl our readers would flip





over. Honey took our photographer to her apartment where he shot this series. She's a dancer who works

part time as a bar maid. She likes parties, intelligent men and sunbathing. Her statistics are 42-24-37, and she frankly admits eyes pop





wherever she goes. And she loves it. 'I'm a big girl,' she says with a twinkle in her eye, 'and the men seem to like it.' To which we say, Amen.

A BOMB FOR PHILOMENA

by BEN TRAVEN

The Indian peasant, Eliseo Gallardo, had three pretty daughters of marriageable age the eldest of whom was sixteen and the youngest thirteen

One day Eliseo was paid a visit by Natalio Salvatorres, a young bachelor who for several weeks had worked in the nearby bush. From the wages he had made by burning charcoal, Natalio had saved about fifty pesos But after he had bought a new cotton shirt, cotton pants, bast hat, and paid for his board and lodgings he had little left

Last Saturday there had been a dance in the village and it was at this dance that Natalio had seen the three pretty Gallardo girls However, he had been able to dance only once with each of the girls, because the other young men had always been quicker and more resolute than he Natalio was a young man who needed time to make up his mind

He spent all of the next day Sunday thinking things over When, finally, he had arrived at a more definite idea he spent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday getting better acquainted with it On Thursday his idea matured sufficiently so that, by Friday, he knew clearly what he wanted

It was this which made him go on Saturday to see Eliseo the father of the three girls

"Well young man, which of the three do you want?" Eliseo asked

"That one," Natalio said, and nodded his head toward Sabina, the daughter who was fourteen and had the prettiest bosom of the three

"That's what I thought," Eliseo said She would suit you very fine You are not so dumb By the way—what is your distinguished name?"

After Natalio had given his full name which he could pronounce but could not write nor spell the girls father asked how much money he possessed.

"Twenty pesos," Natalio said This was twice as much as he had really had

"Then you cannot have Sabina," Senor Gallardo said "I need a new pair of pants, and my old woman has no

a new tale by the author of treasure of the sierra madre, about a man and a woman and a forgotten vow

shoes of any kind If you wish to appear so splendid as to ask for Sabina, you can't expect her mother and father to run about in dirty rags What do you think our standing is in this village, anyway? There must be new pants for me, and there must be at least one pair of white or brown canvas shoes for the woman Otherwise there is no opening for you in my family Let me have some of your tobacco '

After the cigarettes had been rolled and lighted Natalio said *Bueno* don Eliseo, I'll be satisfied with just as fine a girl as that one over there ' This time he nodded toward Filomeno, the eldest of the three

"You are smart *muy listo* Natalio Where are you working? '

' I own a burro And a good young donkey it is too "

' No horse? '

These questions concerning his financial situation made Natalio quite uneasy He spit several times upon the earthen floor of the hut before he spoke again

"I have an uncle who works in a mine up near Parral ' he said. 'There are more than a hundred mines up there As soon as I have a woman, I'll be on my way there to work My uncle will see to it that I find a job He is very friendly with one of the most important foremen

' Ah yes ' Eliseo said

' And what do you think don Eliseo? One can easily make three pesos a day in those mines '

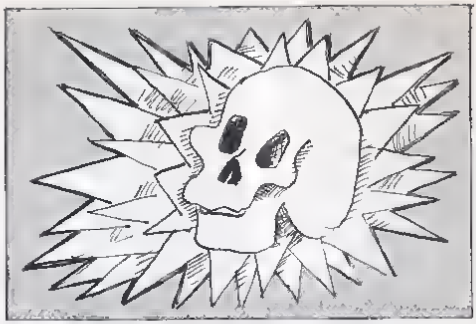
"Three pesos a day is good money," Eliseo said ' But that pitiful twenty pesos you have right now is not much to boast of With so little money we cannot make a wedding '

Why not?' Natalio asked "A wedding can't cost that much money A minister? Well, we surely can t pay him —so we will have to do without the help of the church And as for the marriage license—we can t pay for that either can we?'

"You are right Natalio, ' Eliseo said "There is not enough money in the whole world to pay for such things And besides they have little to do with a wedding anyway "

(*continued on page 32*)

A BOMB FOR PHILOMENA



"Very little indeed," Natalio said

Of course, we must have at least two musicians for the dance, Eliseo said "Then he must have three bottles of mescal—or, better still, four bottles Otherwise the people here in the village might gossip about us They might say that Filomena was not married to you at all and had only run away with you like a hussy I tell you, *muchacho* such things are not done in my family Not *my* daughters, no, senor We are honest folks Don t ever think one of my daughters would run away with you without any special permission You might as well wait a thousand years for such a thing to happen in my family Not with a father like me around No senor—not with us "

The two men continued their negotiations for another two hours during which time they drank many cups of coffee and smoked most of Natalio's tobacco In the end it was agreed upon that Natalio should return to the hush until such time as he had earned enough to pay for the musicians the bottles of mescal, two pounds of coffee, six pounds of brown sugar, one pair of light canvas shoes for the mother and one pair of pants for the father And in addition Eliseo pointed out there should be two pesos for sweet bread to be eaten with the coffee by the women and children who would come to the wedding In fact he said the whole village would be at the wedding, and if a few pesos happened to be left over for unexpected guests from a neighboring village so much the better for the good reputation of the family

When the deal was closed and Natalio had accepted all the conditions proposed by the father, he was told that he would be allowed to lodge and board with the family He would have to pay for this of course but the cost would be one third less than he was paying now He was to take up his quarters in a certain corner of the one-room adobe hut, and as there might be many difficulties and molestations if handled otherwise Filomena was to be permitted to sleep in the same corner—provided Natalio would buy her a new blanket

Natalio agreed to this and hurried to the nearest general store to buy a new blanket with the brightest colors he could find Then he bought a bottle of mescal to celebrate the deal, and returned to the hut

All the members of the family including Filomena herself, had been present during the whole time the two men had been negotiating what, to them was a straight forward business matter

After everyone had taken a drink from the bottle of mescal Filomena was asked by her father if she had something to say

"I d like very much to go to Parral," she said.

Natalio was short those ten pesos he had tied into his pocket, and during the eight weeks he worked in the bush his new shirt and pants went to pieces in spite of the fact that he was very careful with them He had to buy a new shirt and a new pair of pants for the wedding, and it was because of this that an American farmer, who had a ranch only a few miles from the village discovered one day that two of his best cows were missing

The wedding dance was over Senor Gallardo had been quite drunk But he had not been too drunk to take great care not to get mud on his new yellow cotton pants His wife had worn her new brown canvas shoes during only the first hour of the party She had then wrapped them in paper, replaced them in the cardboard box in which they had been sold and, with pride in being the

owner of such a treasnre, had hidden them so well that none of her daughters could find them

Because everything had taken place just the way it had been planned beforehand. Filomana was now Natalio's *esposa* respected by everybody as a wife whom nobody must covet or try to snatch away

Natalio loaded his two blankets a coffee kettle, a small bast bag containing provisions his machete, his ax and his Filomena on his burro and started off for the mines

He had no uncle there. This had been another of his various lies to win the confidence of Filomena's father Nevertheless because he was willing to take on any job no matter how hard it might be it was less than a week before he found work He did not make three pesos a day of course all he earned was one peso seventy five

During his spare time Natalio built a flimsy adobe hut much like all the others in the village Here he and Filomena led the life of the average Indian miner and his wife She cooked his meals did his laundry patched his shirt and pants and warmed up his bed in the cold nights so frequent in mountain regions

He was very happy Natalio was and Filomena obviously had no cause for complaint This status quo might have lasted for a whole lifetime had it not been for a young miner who discovered in Filomena something special and wonderful—something Natalio would never even have suspected she possessed

And so it happened that when Natalio came home from work one night he found no wife in his nest. And as she had taken with her the beautiful blanket, the three muslin dresses and her comb—all the things he had bought her—he knew she had left for good

The huts in the village were so carelessly made and built of such poor material that there was very little privacy under their roofs They had no windows and because of this the doors were always left open until the inhabitants retired for the night

It was therefore not difficult for Natalio to find the hut he was looking for Through the wall of this particular hut, made of a light network of twigs and sticks, Natalio saw Filomena sitting happily at the side of her newly elected

She and her new man as Natalio could easily see were having a much more joyful time than any he had ever had with her She had never looked at him or caressed him in the way she was now favoring her lover

There were two other young couples in the hut. And although there was much talk and laughter, Natalio did not hear his name mentioned even once The way these young people ignored his existence, he might as well have been dead for a long time

When Natalio had convinced himself that Filomena was now far too happy and too much in love to ever think of returning to his side, he decided to bring this episode of his life to an end He went to the barn where the explosives were kept, crawled under the sheet iron wall and stole some dynamite and a fuse

Back in his own hut, Natalio worked steadily and patiently With the cunning of which only an Indian seeking revenge is capable, he constructed a bomb using as a bombcase an empty tin can he had found near the general store

As soon as he finished the bomb, Natalio returned to the hut where he had found Filomena with her lover The three couples were still there and even more animated and jolly than before Filomena's lover was playing a mouth organ, with Filomena cuddled up against him and by all appearances the three couples intended to keep the party going until the men had to go to work again in the morning

It was easy for Natalio to throw the lighted bomb through the open door into the hut

This done, he went back to his own hut and lay down to sleep, content with the knowledge that he had made the most effective bomb of which he was capable. The result was of no special interest to him Should the bomb go off as he was sure it would everything would be all right On the other hand if the bomb failed to explode, everything would be all right too He considered his revenge fully completed with the acts of making the



bomb and placing it properly As to what might happen afterward—he left that to providence From now on—and for all time to come—Filomena and her new man would be safe from him For Natalio, this episode was closed forever

But not for the three couples inside the hut

In the mining districts, every Indian, man and woman alike, knows what it means to see at one's feet an old tin can to which a smoking fuse is attached

(*continued on page 34*)

PHILOMENA

The occupants of the hut saw the bomb and jumped out of the hut without even taking time for a shout of horror. This took them less than half a second. At once a terrific explosion followed, sending the hut up a hundred feet into the air.

Of the six people who had been inside, five escaped without so much as a scratch. The sixth, the young woman of the couple that owned the hut, was not so fortunate.

This woman had, at the very moment the bomb made its appearance at the party, been busy making fresh coffee in the corner of the hut farthest from the door. She had neither seen the bomb nor noted the rapid and speechless departure of her guests. Consequently she accompanied the hut on its trip upward. And since she had been unable in so short a time to decide which part of the hut she would like best to travel with, she landed at twenty different places in the vicinity.

Two days later a police agent came to the mine to see Natalio and ask him what he might know about the explosion. The agent questioned Natalio at the place where he was working, in an open excavation, but Natalio did not allow himself to be seriously interrupted. Only when he paused to wipe the sweat from his face and roll a cigarette, did he honor the agent with answers to his questions.

'You threw the bomb into the *choza* of Alejo Crespo, didn't you?' the agent asked.

'That's right,' Natalio said. 'But it's none of your business. It is a purely domestic affair.'

'A woman was killed by that bomb.'

'I know it. No need to tell me. It is my woman and I can do with her whatever I wish, for she gets from me her meals, and all her clothes, and I have paid for the music at the wedding. There are no debts left. Everything is paid.'

Natalio knew what he was talking about. There was no nonsense in what he said, and he was telling nothing but the truth.

'But the trouble is,' the agent said, 'it wasn't your woman who was killed. It was the Crespo woman.'

'So? If it was the Crespo woman that was killed, then I've nothing to do with it whatever. The Crespo woman has never done me any wrong. If she was killed, it was most certainly not my intention. In such a case it was just destiny. I'm not responsible for what destiny may do here in the village. The Crespo woman is a grown-up woman who can look out for herself, and she doesn't need me to protect her. If she'd taken better care of herself, this would not have happened to her. I'm not her guardian, and not her man either, and I don't give a damn for women who don't take care of their health.'

Natalio threw his cigarette away, lifted his pickax, and struck furiously at the rocks, indicating he had important work to do and could not waste his time with idle talk which was of no interest to him.

Six weeks later, the case came up for trial. Natalio was charged with murder, though no degree was mentioned. The jury consisted of men from the village. Two were foremen at the mines, one was a carpenter, one a butcher, another a baker, others were storekeepers and saloonkeepers. None of them had even the slightest interest in Natalio's conviction. All of them depended on miners at work, because no money could be made from miners in jail.

Natalio's friends had advised him to keep his mouth shut as much as possible. If he was forced to answer any questions, they told him, he should say absolutely nothing other than, 'I don't know.'

This advice suited Natalio quite well. He disliked working with his head, and simply answering, 'I don't know' required no work at all.

He was not deeply concerned about the outcome of his trial. If he was convicted and had to go to prison—



or even if he was sentenced to be shot—it would be all right with him. On the other hand, if he was acquitted, he would go back to his work, which he liked immensely.

He rolled a cigarette, showing no emotion whatever. He cared nothing at all about the preperations going on about him in the crumbling adobe town hall.

Finally, the stage was set. Everybody in the courtroom, smoked cigarettes, including the judge, the public prosecutor, the gentlemen of the jury, and the half dozen or so miners. These visitors had come, not because of any real interest in the trial, but because they were not working due to injuries received in the mines, and had no other place to while away their time. They would have preferred to hang around the saloons, but they had no money. Some of them had bandages on their face or head, others carried their arms in slings, and one had crutches leaning against his leg.

The public prosecutor stood up. "The defendant has made a full confession," he said. 'The police officer who questioned him only two days after the crime was committed is present to be called to the witness stand, should

it so please your Honor and the honorable gentlemen of the jury."

The prosecutor was sure he had a clear-cut case and that he would have no trouble getting a conviction. What really did concern him, however, was the chance that he might not be able to catch the train in time to return to town, which would mean spending the night in this miserable, stinking little village.

The men on the jury had begun to dislike the prosecutor. They resented his arrogance and the way he showed how he detested the people of the village, especially the miners, and they had seen how much he hated to have been ordered to a place where he could not walk half a block without losing his shoes in the mud.

Because they wanted to see the overbearing prosecutor miss his train and go home defeated by the men he despised, the jurors insisted on their right to question both defendant and witnesses, if they thought it was necessary in order to clear up the case for their understanding. If Natalio himself should benefit by this procedure, so much the better. The men on the jury were much impressed by Natalio because he was calm and stoic.

The judge welcomed these unusual interruptions by the gentlemen of the jury. He had to stay overnight anyway, because he had several other cases to attend to. These interruptions made the trial less dull for him and shortened his day. He was thankful for this, because Natalio's was the only case for the day, and he had nothing to do with his time once it was over. He usually slept the time way in places like this, but he had already slept so much here that he was tired of it.

One of the jurors asked the judge to please ask the defendant if it was true that he had confessed to the murder.

Natalio rose clumsily. "I don't know, senor," he said. He sat down again and replaced his cigarette between his lips.

Another juror asked to see the written statement of Natalio's confession.

The prosecutor jumped to his feet. "This statement, gentlemen of the jury, is written and signed by the police officer, which was necessary because the defendant can neither read nor write. In due time I'll call the officer to testify here in court. The witness is an honorable and reliable police officer with an excellent record and many years of service. We have no reason whatever to question his written and verbal statements, nor the results of his careful investigation of this case." He bent down over his little table and began fingering his papers with obvious uneasiness.

Another member of the jury wanted to know why he and his honorable colleagues should be obliged to believe more in the word of a policeman, who received his salary from the taxpayer's money, than in the word of an honest and sober miner like Natalio, who did not live, and never had lived, on the money of the taxpaying citizens. He said it was well known that Natalio worked hard for his living and that he produced valuable goods for the benefit of the whole nation.

Still another juror asked the defendant to confess right then and there, in the very face of the jury, that he had committed the crime he was charged with.

The judge called Natalio. "You heard what the honorable gentleman of the jury wishes to know. Did you kill the Crespo woman?"

Natalio rose only halfway. "I don't know, senor," he said quietly.

The prosecutor jumped to his feet. "But you did throw the bomb, didn't you, Natalio?" he demanded. "Tell us the truth, my man! Lying won't help you. You did throw the bomb!"

With a bored note in his voice, Natalio said, "I don't know nothing." He sat down again and puffed away at his cigarette with signs of an undisturbed conscience.

The prosecutor did not call the policeman, as he had said he was going to do. He knew they would ask the policeman if it was not true that he recived his salary from the taxes paid by the citizens. As soon as the policeman admitted it was so, the jury would then ask the prosecutor where *his* salary was coming from. And this, the prosecutor realized, would lead to still another question. The jury would ask, quite seriously, whether —inasmuch as both the policeman and the prosecutor received their salaries from the same source and therefore served the same boss—there might not exist a certain combination with the object of convicting an honest miner for no other purpose than to justify the necessity of their respective offices.

Because he foresaw such a layman's distortion of the facts, the prosecutor decided against calling the policeman to the stand. Instead, he called Filomena, together with the others who were present in the hut when the bomb was thrown. Inasmuch as these witnesses belonged to the mining community, their testimony would be so tight that even the most spiteful members of the jury would have to accept it without question. The prosecutor considered Filomena his star witness. He was sure she would tell the truth, because she certainly knew the bomb had been intended for her, and she would feel much safer knowing that Natalio was in prison for several years.

Filomena and the other witnesses knew perfectly well what the whole community knew; that is, that nobody else but Natalio had been the maker and thrower of the bomb. Natalio had left no one in the village with any doubt as to who it was that knew how to defend his honor and how to punish an unfaithful wife.

But the prosecutor had had but little experience with

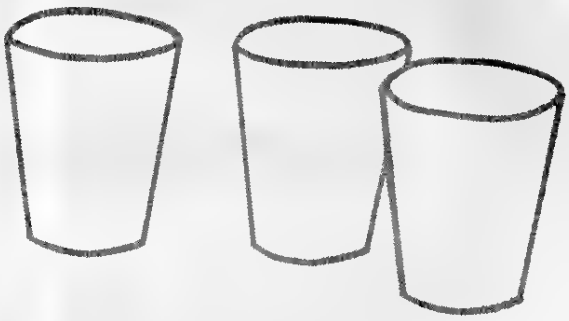
(*continued on page 61*)



THE HANGOVER FACTS FIGURES AND FANCIES

by ROGER MEAD

The scientific lowdown on what to do ond what not to do in order to prevent those morning-after blues



IT WAS THE END OF the world. I knew it the moment I opened a bloodshot eye. My head felt as though a herd of water buffalo were stampeding across my frontal lobes and even the dim light that filtered through the shuttered window exploded in my one open eye with all the power of a battery of kleig lights.

You guessed it. I had laid one on the night before and I was now paying the price—and what a price it was!

As I stumbled out of bed and practically choked on my hairy tongue, I swore: "Never again!" But even as I swore, some half-snickering aspect of me whispered way down deep: "Well, not until the next time, anyway."

There and then, in the midst of my misery, I realized that something had to be done. There were two alternatives before me:

1. Take the oath.
2. Discover a way to really cure and/or prevent hangover.

The first alternative, I quickly realized, in spite of my terrible affliction, was a drastic measure unworthy of a healthy, red-blooded young American male. The second alternative was by far the more promising. Surely, science, that has unlocked the secrets of the atom and traced the contours of the galaxies, must have discovered some sure way to deal with the 'morning after.'

So, with courage in my heart and throbbing head held high, I launched a project that would not only benefit me, but would prove a boon to every poor, miserable slob who ever knew the pangs that struck in the morning. With scientific ardour, I set myself the task of ferreting out a surefire way to handle HANGOVER!

My first step, of course, was a visit to my doctor. I had already tried all the garden variety of cures—everything from Prairie Oysters to yogurt—and a few exotic cures including a dandy that I learned from a Voodoo priest on leave from Haiti—his advice was to stick 13 black-headed pins into the cork of the bottle I drank from, which process, he assured me, was guaranteed to render the spirits helpless. Oddly enough, the voodoo method worked. Two days later I felt fine. But those intervening days, they were murder.

My doctor, dedicated soul that he is, explained the physics of the hangover. It is all very simple, he told me in judicious scientific phraseology. The basic cause of the hangover is lack of oxygen in the brain. Alcohol acts like an anesthetic: if it isn't burned up quickly enough, it prevents oxygen from reaching your brain cells. Right here is the source of all the trouble.

The result of this oxygen starvation was aptly described some 25 centuries ago in India; "vomiting, loss of appetite, heartburn, lassitude, continued thirst, tremors of head and limbs, palpitation, weakness of joints, thick tongue, respiration difficulty, sleeplessness, giddiness, and a feeling as though one were wrapped in a wet sheet."

Alcohol, the good doctor went on to explain, is really not the culprit. The body can pretty well manage alcohol, but it can't take care of the impurities in liquor. It is these impurities, called fusel oils, that keep the body from burning up the alcohol quickly enough.

AHA! Here was an interesting discovery. Fusel oils were the dastardly ingredients that were at the source of my miseries.

Quickly, like a hound that's got the scent in his nose, I hied over to a chemist acquaintance of mine. He would be able to explain the existence of these terrible fusels. And he did.

The fermentation process, he explained to me, really ferments. When alcohol is being distilled, some 100 to 200 impurities are formed along with the ethyl alcohol—poor, innocent spirit. Now, these fusel oils—also known as congeners—smell terrible and taste worse. The reason why we don't know this right off the bat, is that other impurities sweeten the smell and disguise the taste.

I also learned from my chemist friend that some liquors have more fusel oils than others. Bonded bourbon has the most. In fact, the older and more expensive the whiskey you drink, the more fusel oils you are getting.

(continued on page 49)



DEVIL'S DELIGHT

When FURY took over, this printing shop was changed from a work-a-day place of business into a swinging shop where the morale of the printers reached new heights



Recently, the printer's devil—apprentice for those of you who don't know—at the typographical shop that prepares FURY complained that the only excitement he ever got at work was when he set type for our erstwhile publication. "What," he asked, "would we do if *we* ran the shop?" It was an intriguing idea that fascinated our editorial staff. Printing, of course, is the main function of a printing shop. We would have to keep printing. Linotype machines, ludlows, composing tables, type racks and presses would all have to keep working. We couldn't change that! What we *could* change—or at least alter—was the personnel! Here, then, is how FURY

(continued on page 40)

New apprentice, opposite page top, sorts type in California Tray in preparation for day's work in our new composing room.



Next step, above, is making ready—which is exactly what the pretty devil is doing by inking and cleaning the plate in the press.

Devils, opposite page bottom, tote paper supply from storage room to proof press where printers will pull the repro-copy.

Our third apprentice, below, carefully pulls out a proof after running the plate over the proof paper in a special hand-rolled press.





Proof sheet brought to composing table with locked-up plate. Corrections in copy or layout made here prior to the printing.

(continued on page 40)



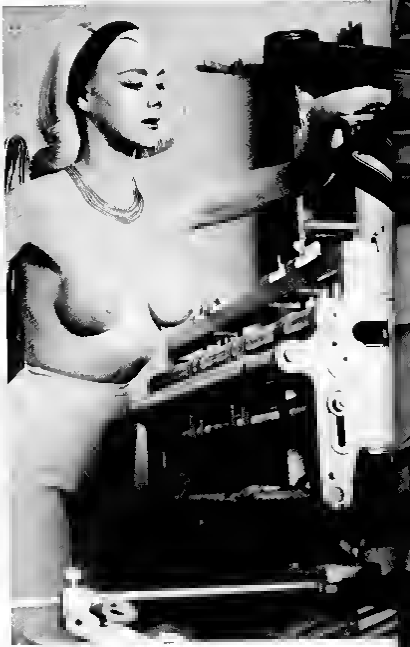
Type slugs above are made on the compos ing table to correct mistakes in the proof Corrected slugs are then locked into plate

Devil below carefully reads the corrected proofs before printing begins This s the last chance to make any additional changes

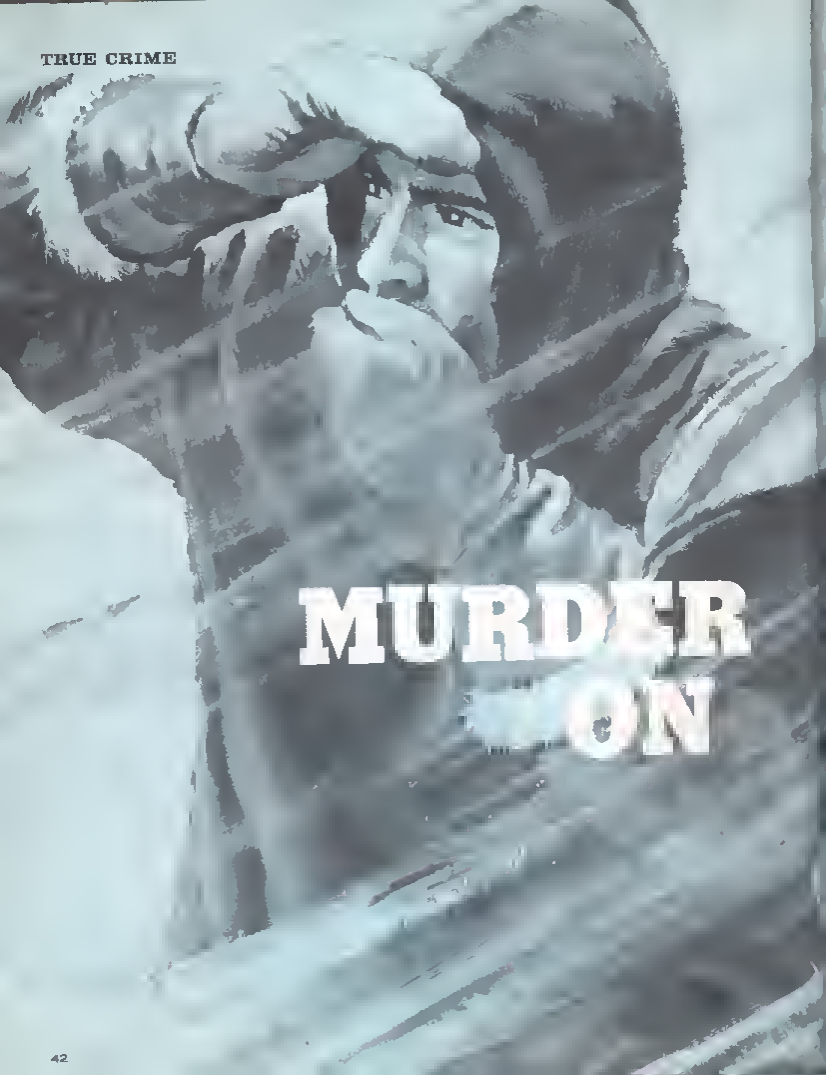


would manage a printing shop The first thing we d do is hire some new devils to help around the shop Our sharp eyed photographer of course would do the hiring And here on these pages is how a FURY run printing shop would operate We can t guarantee the quality of our printing but it would be a shop that would truly be the Devil s Delight

Devils below right load press with paper and begin print run Final copy opposite page is studied by our trio of apprentices






MURDER
ON

TELEGRAPH TRAIL

by ALAN HYND

THE END OF THE RAINBOW lay in the Klondike, and the gold rush was on. In 1899, Dawson City was roaring with 50,000 fortune hunters, gamblers, get-rich-quick merchants, drunks, pimps and dance-hall dames. Some men, the ones who were hung with horseshoes, were already mushing south over the Yukon trail—"coming out," as they called it, with their gold sewed up in their clothes and in the lining of

(continued on page 45)



Good ol' Lisa's got something for everybody!

MURDER ON TELEGRAPH TRAIL

their boots. Others were just arriving. New strikes were still being made.

Anyway, you looked at it, it was a great spot for a bad man. Nobody knew that better than the Northwest Mounted Police. With the idea of affording better protection to wayfarers in the howling white wastes, the Mounties, when the winter of 1899 set in, had just established telegraphic communications between headquarters of B Division at Dawson City and H Division at Tagish, with a number of outposts linked in between.

This innovation consisted of a single wire strung from tree to tree. As you can imagine, a wire strand stretching across a country where in winter there were constant snow and wind needed full-time attention. A gangling big Swede with the classic Swedish name of Ole Oleson was employed to keep the line in repair. Oleson was none too bright, but he was a likable guy. As he finished between the Monutie outposts, he became a favorite with the officers on duty. They kidded him about the piece of cut plug which he took out of his mouth only when he ate and which gave him the appearance of having stopped a roundhouse right with his jaw. They told him that if he ever got lost in the blinding wilderness, not to worry, they would find him by following the brown trail of tobacco juice that he left wherever he went.

On December 21, in the year that concerns us, Oleson left his base of operations in the settlement of Five Finger and mushed north to Hutshukn, a distance of sixteen miles. There, in a desolate Mountie shack, he thawed out while he swapped yarns with his friend, Corporal Frank Ryan, on duty alone.

Corporal Ryan asked Oleson when he expected to hit Hutshuku on his way back. Oleson said he would reach Selkirk two stations northward on the twenty third, then turn around there and return to Hutshiku on the twenty fifth—Christmas.

"Good," said Corporal Ryan. "Eat Christmas dinner here with me. I've got some fine venison and I'll be alone and I don't like to eat Christmas dinner alone."

Oleson's mouth was watering in anticipation of the Yuletide feast as he headed north next morning. But when Christmas came, Corporal Ryan ate alone. Oleson never showed up.

Corporal Ryan got on the telegraph wire. He learned that Oleson had returned to the next Mountie station to the north, right on schedule, the previous afternoon. He had been in company with two well known prospectors named Linu Relfe and Fred Clayson. The three men, after spending the night, had shoved off for Hutshiku early Christmas morning. Clayson and Relfe had been overheard to say that they were anxious to get back to their homes in the States, and Oleson, even as he had eaten breakfast, had been talking about what he was going to do to Corporal Ryan's venison.

A snowstorm had come up about the time when the repair man and the two prospectors would have been about ten or twelve miles from Hutshiku. Corporal Ryan decided that the three men had made temporary camp.

The storm abated Christmas night. Next day, when the three men still hadn't showed up in Hutshiku, Ryan decided to begin a search. On the twenty-seventh he mushed north along the so-called telegraph trail, which followed the bank of the Lewes River and the Yukon. His gray-blue eyes, long trained to interpret signs in the white wilderness, were intent for that sign of life that he hoped he would find. But he didn't find it.

He found something else, though. He found a trail that slanted off the north-south telegraph route which Oleson and his two companions would have traveled. The trail had been made before the snowstorm of Christmas Day, for the overlaying Christmas snow was not disturbed. The previous snow, however, had been disturbed not once but many times by a sled and a dog team.

Ryan followed the trail to a hill in a small patch of woods that paralled the river. On the hill was a crude makeshift shack. Some small cottonwoods in front of the shack had been felled.

The materials from which the shack had been thrown together were new. The shack, then, hadn't been up very long. Why anybody would have wanted to live in this particular spot, miles from the nearest habitation, was beyond Ryan. In those days, men didn't go that far away from the settlements to live—not without a powerful reason.

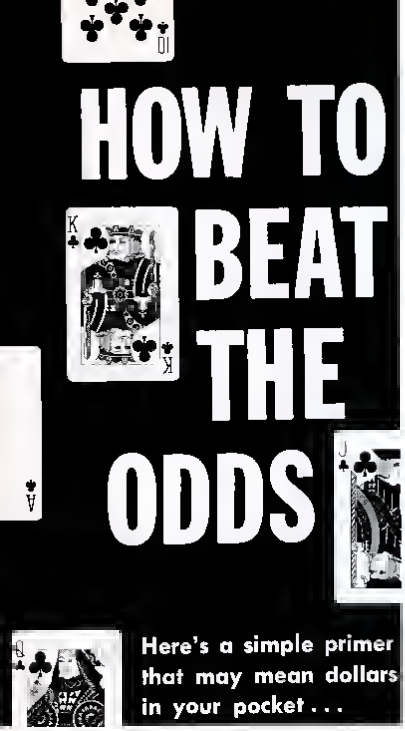
Inside the shack, Corporal Ryan found evidence of recent occupancy by two persons. There was a partially used loaf of bread that could have been about two days old. There were two tin plates, half filled with the contents of some canned goods, and two tin cups, one of them filled with coffee.

There had been no violence in the shack. There were a few old rags in a corner. They smelled of a dog. Ryan examined them carefully and found hairs—yellow hairs.

The canned goods bore the same brand name, an uncommon one, as some that had been reported stolen a couple of weeks previously from an ice locked river scow.

Ryan went outside and looked down at the river bank. It occurred to him then why the small cottonwoods in front of the shack had been felled. They disclosed the

(continued on page 54)



One of the most familiar sayings in the gambler's lexicon is that you can't beat the odds. That's true, usually because the average guy hasn't the faintest idea what the odds really are. Once you know what the odds are, it's unlikely you'll even try to beat them; you'll be having too much fun beating the guy who doesn't know.

For example, you're on the golf course, and the fellow you're playing with steps up to the tee and announces that he's got a feeling he's going to score a hole in one—and would like to bet on it. What are the odds against him? Almost 9,000 to 1.

Suppose you're at the racetrack. What are the odds against a field of nine horses finishing in their exact post position order? 362,880 to 1.

Or you're at the ballgame. Was that umpire really "blind" on that last call? There is one chance in ten that he was wrong. A high speed camera once proved that baseball umpires are wrong 10 percent of the time.

Here's a way to pick up some loose change. Tell a man that with two guesses to his one you will give him 3 to 1 that you guess closer to the right date on a coin in his pocket than he can. Let him guess first. If he picks 1951, you pick 1950 and 1952. That way, unless he hits it right on the exact year, you'll win.

How to win in a poker game? One way is to know what the odds are against drawing the top hands. Here they are—

Straight flush	*64,999 to 1*
Four of a kind	*4,164 to 1*
Full House	*693 to 1*
Flush	*507 to 1*
Straight	*254 to 1*

Here we are at the dice table. The best thing you can do is bet "wrong." The odds are 13 to 10 against the man rolling the dice. Worst thing to do? Bet that the number 7 will come up in one roll. The odds are 6 to 1 against you.

At the slot machine? The one-armed bandits are usually arranged so that for every 100 coins played, they will cough back 31. And the odds against the jackpot fluctuate between 2000 to 1 and 4000 to 1, depending on who rigged the machine.

And if you're playing a football or baseball pool, can you score 10 straight winners? The odds are against you 2,225 to 1.

At the blackjack or 21 table? Your chances of winning are 15 percent less than the dealer's. Like to draw to 21? Well, the odds are 20 to 1 against you. And the odds against getting the big combination—ace and jack of spades—are a whopping 1,325 to 1.

Have you heard the old bromide, Unlucky at cards, lucky in love? Well, the odds say it ain't true. No matter how lucky you are as a gambler, the odds are 12 to 1 your girl petted—with somebody else—before she met you. As for marrying a virgin, you've got no better than a 50-50 chance—no matter what she tells you.

If you insist on disregarding the odds, lose every thing and want to kill yourself, don't worry. The odds are three to one against any successful suicide attempt. **END**

CAR OF THE MONTH

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THE HANGOVER

continued from page 37

Vodka on the other hand has the least of these demons This is because Vodka is made by removing impurities from raw liquor—rather than adding them One top quality Vodka for example is filtered through charcoal for so many hours that virtually all of the congeners are taken out

As for gin though it is low in fusel oil it may give some people a whopping hangover Reason the usual flavoring in gin is oil of juniper and some people are sensitive to it

Vodka then is the liquor to imbibe if you don t want to pay the price No wonder the Russians can put away so much at their banquets—there s no after-effect from this concoction

With this chemical analysis out of the way let s get back to medicine Now that we know what causes a hangover let s see if we can come up with a cure

A normal person can get over a hangover in about 12 hours with no damage done An alcoholic on a two-week bender will dry out in about 48 hours Lack of oxygen in the brain causes the headache the throbbing eyes and the dizziness The rest of the symptoms however are caused by the water imbalance that imbibing creates Alcohol you see is what is called an astringent—a drying agent

When it gets into your system it alters the water balance of your body That s why you feel so thirsty the morning after Drinking water though doesn t do a bit of good Your body has about the same amount of water that it had before you started drinking—only its water is now unbalanced hence your "thirst You ll just have to wait until your body rights its water balance in its own good time

As we have already seen, most of the picturesque cures—and it seems as though everybody who s ever had a hangover has one—are virtually useless But what about exercise? Wouldn t violent exertion cause the blood to flow faster and burn up those nasty fusel oils?

Unfortunately, the answer is no My doctor described the touching case of a young man who was more hearty than sensible He didn t know—or refused to believe—that no more than 1 percent of the alcohol in the human system can be eliminated through perspiration The morning after a hard night he would always turn the shower on full and hot, close the bathroom door and window until clouds of steam accumulated and for at least 15 minutes he would turn in place furiously

Exhausted but falsely beaming he d then shower dress, breakfast and go off to work firmly convinced that he did himself some good One morning, of course he dropped dead

Turning to true remedies oxygen is out If you can afford to buy one of those portable oxygen units that are now available breathe in the pure ozone for about 15 minutes What you are doing is simply forcing enough oxygen back into your starved brain cells Of course this won t help the water balance and you ll still feel lousy but at least the headache will be gone

Food is another safe remedy After a good bout with the bottle your body probably needs nourishment Milk may soothe your stomach hung And you need salt and sugar to help readjust your body s balance Eating honey is an excellent way for getting sugar into your blood fast. Fresh air and rest will prove helpful but don t fool with tranquilizers—they ll merely mask the symptoms and you might take too much

Drinking more alcohol is another cure True, more alcohol will only postpone the agony and make it a little worse But you might want to brace up before you have to make the final reckoning. That s the only advantage of the "hair of the dog that bit you" cure

Actually, there is a real positive cure for hangover It s adrenal cortical extract (ACE) But, alas it s not for the garden variety of hangover

Dr James Smith director of research on alcoholism at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center says "Usually 5 to 15 cccs of ACE administered in divided doses abolish the hangover and the patient feels well"

Unfortunately the cost of ACE is so high that you would have to stop drinking to be able to afford it

So that s where we re left Will there ever be a cheap handy cure for hangover

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over? Dr. L. A. Grenberg of the Yale Medical Center sums it up better than I ever could with these words:

"The panacea for hangover will be at hand when people learn to drink sensibly. It won't come in the form of a pill. It will come in the form of intelligence."

Which seems hardly fair. Don't you agree? END

TWO JUMPS AHEAD *continued from page 21*

swivel chair.

"Unusual, wouldn't you say?" Summers said earnestly. "Our studio was very impressed with the results. I imagine you are too."

Partridge was impressed. He stared open-mouthed at the startling image of himself, half-naked, bare-legged, rumpled undershirt over protruding paunch, highball glass in his hand, a nightmare in a strange bedroom. And most terrifying, most shattering: the nearly forgotten face, the red raw laughing mouth and tumbled yellow hair, the long, white legs and curving body of *her*, the woman without a remembered name. The soft, white blur who said "baby-face" and "sugar" and murmured softly when he touched her while she giggled at his middle-aged ardor.

"Of course," Summers continued, "we don't offer our patrons a single choice. I'm happy to say that we have twelve assorted photos, each with its own special charm." He extracted the remaining contents of the envelope. "We're sure you'll want to own the rest of these as well, Mr. Partridge."

The older man didn't touch the glossy prints as Summers fanned them across his desk blotter. His eyes swept slowly over this gallery of horrors and the heartbeats exploded inside his chest. He tried to say something, but his tongue had gone hard and dry, immobile.

"As to price," Summers said cheerfully, "we consider this a sort of introductory offer and can make you a very attractive deal. The photos are three hundred dollars apiece, but the complete set is only three thousand dollars. That's a saving of fifty dollars each. As a businessman that should appeal to you, Mr. Partridge."

The president didn't answer him.

"I don't mean to rush you, Mr. Partridge, but I have to be back in the city before five o'clock. You understand."

Daniel Partridge lifted his eyes from the defilement before him. "You know her," he croaked. "You know this woman. You were in the apartment all the time."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Partridge." The voice had hardened slightly. "I'm really in a considerable hurry, so I'd like to come to terms as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact, our sales department believes they have another customer for these photos right here in town. If you're not interested, I should see that prospect this morning."

"What prospect?"

Summers laughed. "Really, Mr. Partridge. If this was a particular merchandising problem, I'm sure you'd recognize the same market potential. Your wife, of course."

"My wife—"

"You're not surprised?"

"No." Partridge shook his head. He pushed his way up from the swivel chair. "No, of course not."

"Then suppose we finalize things right now. Our company prefers cash to checks, Mr. Partridge."

"No, Mr. Summers—"

"Pardon?"

"I said no." The president leaned against the desk with both hands. "No money. No cash, no checks. Nothing."

The lighted eyes changed flickered, and then grew brighter than ever.

"If that's your decision—"

"Yes. But not my only one."

"What?"

"Do you know what you've done, Mr. Summers? Do you know what you're forcing me to do?"

"I don't understand—"

Partridge shut his eyes.

"You've ended my life this morning, Mr. Summers. You've killed me."

"Now, really—"

"I'm serious. You've walked in here and killed me. I'm a dead man, and it's your responsibility."

The grin reappeared. "I think you're being a little melodramatic, Mr. Partridge."

"You think so? Then let me tell you something. I went to that convention in New York for a reason, Mr. Summers. I went to contact some old friends. I hoped to get orders from. I needed those orders. Without them, I couldn't keep my head above water for another three months. That's how bad business is."

Summers clucked sympathetically.

"But I didn't succeed. I didn't get a single word of assurance that I could save my business. That's why I got so drunk, and ended up with that woman. That's why I'm in the trouble I am now. But that's not the important thing. The important thing is that I know you won't be satisfied with the money I give you now. I know that in a few weeks, a month—you'll be back."

"I wouldn't worry about that matter right now, Mr. Partridge."

"But it's true, isn't it? This is only the beginning. You'll sell me those pictures, and then you'll be back with more prints. You'll want more money, and still more, until I won't have a dime. You'll drain me of everything."

Summers frowned. "I'm really in a hurry, Mr. Partridge."

"And what alternative do I have? If I can't give you the money, you'll go to my wife. We've been married twenty-six years. I love her better than my life. We have two grown children. Their respect and affection for me is the most important thing I own. If these pictures were shown—" He swayed unsteadily.

"We understand each other then." Summers said. "It's not really a matter of choice at all."

"But it is. One choice. You've left me no other."

The president's puffy hand slid open a drawer in his desk, fumbled inside, and emerged with a revolver.

Summers stared.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"The only think I *can* do. This is the final straw. Even you can see that. Mr. Summers. The gun is only a technical detail. I was dead the minute you opened that envelope."

The man from New York stood up quickly. "Let's not be foolish about this, Mr. Partridge. Put that thing away, and let's talk this over like sensible people."

"There's nothing more to talk about."

Summers' tongue flicked at his lips. "What are you going to do?"

"What else can I do? I'm going to kill myself. But first I'm going to make sure that you won't be able to do this to anyone else. I'm going to kill you first. *(continued on page 52)*

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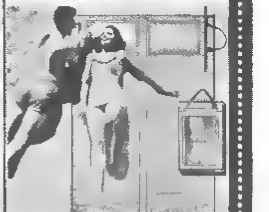
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You're crazy!" The frantic eyes flew to the door and windows.

"I'm sane, Mr Summers. This is the only sane course left."

He pulled the hammer back. The cocking sounded loud.

"Wait!" Summers squeaked. "You misunderstood me." The suavity was gone from his voice. "I had no intention of coming back. All I wanted was the three thousand — I was going to destroy the negatives —"

"You think I'll believe that? I know your type, Mr Summers. You'll never let me alone until I'm a corpse. Well, that won't be long now."

He raised his arm and pointed the muzzle at the younger man's head.

"No, wait!" Summers backed away, thudding into the chair behind him. "Please wait, Mr Partridge! I swear I didn't mean it that way. I swear it!"

"It's too late, Mr. Summers."

"Look, look!" he shouted, digging into his breast pocket. "The negatives! I have the negatives! You can buy these too, Mr Partridge. All of them!"

"I'm not buying anything, Mr Summers."

"You can have them!" Summers screamed, flinging the negatives on the desk. "You can have everything! Only don't kill me for God's sake! Don't kill me!"

Slowly Partridge lowered the revolver.

"All right," he said sadly. "All right."

He picked up the negatives, counting them, letting them slide from his fingers onto the floor.

"Now get out of here," he said. "Get out now."

Summers waited for no further instruction. He wheeled and ran to the door, slamming it shut behind him without looking back.

Partridge looked after him, gazing blankly at the oak panels. Then he lifted the revolver again and looked at it. He pulled the trigger. From the barrel a cloth flag dropped out that read "BANG".

Daniel Partridge smiled faintly as he dropped his eyes to the pile of negatives at his feet.

Two jumps, he thought. Always two jumps.

END

LOSER TAKES ALL

cont'nued from page 9

Bill Andersen was winning and desperately tried to keep the game going. "He's giving you a snow job, can't you see that, stu?"

"Sure, let's drop it," I said amiably. After all, Anderson was a vip.

But the game died. Anderson pocketed his winnings and retreated behind his newspaper in a huff. The rest of us ordered another round of martinis. Hallewell needed another drink like Rita needed falsies, but it was plain that he was bugged by what I'd said. He was really straining his brain to figure it out.

Hallewell's T-bird convertible was in the parking lot next to the station when we got off the train two cigarettes and a martini later. After a short drive we hit a private road, then headed up a long curving driveway. We'd passed the nearest house about a quarter of a mile back, and I could see what Hallowell meant about not having much company. Running next door for a cup of sugar would mean an overnight hike.

The maid who opened the door of the huge Colonial style house took our things and said, "Mrs Hallowell is out by the swimming pool, sir."

"Thank you, Peggy. Mr Nevins here will be weekending, so fix up the guest room for him." He took my arm and led me through the French doors of the library to the patio. Across a broad expanse of putting green lawn I could see the pool gleaming in the late afternoon sun.

"Yoo hoo! I'm home, Sandra!" Hallowell called, waving in the direction of the pool. "She loves to sun bathe," he added, turning to me. He went to work mixing drinks from a portable refrigerator. I thought the old boy ought to take it easy on the joy juice, but what the hell, it was his liquor. Damn good, too. I sat down with a glass in my fist and gazed at the figure that rose from a beach towel spread beside the pool. Even at that distance I could see that she seemed Mrs. Hallowell was even considerably younger than her husband and wondrously constructed.

She raised her arms and stretched languidly. The top half of her bikini was missing. She slung a brief terry cloth robe over one shoulder and started across the lawn. As she came closer, I could see the rose tips of her firm, full breasts tracing delicate patterns in the air with each step.

I had to marvel at her poise. She was almost at the edge of the patio and had made no move to cover her semi-nudity. I knew I should diffidently avert my gaze but my eye muscles were suddenly paralyzed. Hallowell coughed nervously and she halted, straining forward. Then I got it — the sun was in her eyes. I was in shadow and she had no idea I was there.

Beginning at the slim ankles, along the tapering curve of legs and up the fullness of thighs to burgeoning hips, my eyes took in the delightful construction of Sandra Hallowell. The tiny scrap of bikini bottom hid more the golden creaminess of her waist and hugged the gentle mound below her navel. Her face was framed by a halo that might have been fashioned of spun gold filaments.

Her eyes widened as she stepped into the shade and saw me. She drew the robe around her. It was not a hasty movement of outraged modesty but a dignified concession to convention.

"You should have told me you were bringing guests, Stuart." Her voice was cool, yet strangely provocative. "Excuse me, please. I'll get dressed." She strolled unhurriedly past us into the house.

"You have a charming wife, Mr Hallowell," I said, tearing my eyes away from her retreating form.

"I insist you call me Stuart," he said. "Yes, she is a lovely creature. That nerveous little cough again. "We're — quite informal around here, as you see." He refilled my glass. "Well now, back to this puzzler of yours, Jerry."

"Please, Mr Hall — Stuart, let's just drop it. I didn't mean to start anything."

"But the point is, you did start something, old boy. Dammit, there's got to be an answer!"

Time to put him out of his misery. I decided. "It's been fun, Stuart," I said, "but enough's enough. I'm going to tell you what —"

"No, no!" he insisted. "I like a good puzzle. Don't spoil it for me."

Just then the maid came out with a tray of sandwiches and a short time later Mrs. Hallowell joined us. She had somehow encased those voluptuous curves in a white sheath that height

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YOU MUST BE PLEASED MONEY BACK GUARANTEED

ened her tan and the dark blue of her eyes. She was a gracious hostess, apologizing for not properly welcoming me the first time, but not—I noted—for her revealing attire. She wanted to know what I did in her husband's firm.

"I'm in sales, Mrs. Hallowell."

"And the best in the department," Stuart added heartily.

Her eyes appraised me coolly. "I imagine Mr. Nevins would be a good man in any department," she said the pink tip of her tongue caressing her upper lip.

"I don't know about that—" I began.

"Don't be modest, Jerry." Stuart cut in. He lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "He's also an expert in the romance department if what he told me today is true."

"Oh? What was that?"

"Just a remark I happened to make," Mrs. Hallowell," I said quickly. "Nothing very important."

"The hell it isn't important!" her husband sputtered. The drinks had caught up with him. "Jerry offered to bet me that he can make love to a woman without using his hands."

For the first time Mrs. Hallowell smiled. "Don't the poets write of caressing with the eyes and of kisses that soar across oceans?"

Stuart waved his hand impatiently. "Not that kind of love making, Sandra. He means the real thing—you know."

Her lips formed a silent "Oh." We gazed at each other for a long moment and I detected a flicker of interest in her eyes. "That's quite an accomplishment—if it can be done," she murmured, nibbling at a tiny sandwich.

I just smiled. We chatted for a while and then Stuart drank his way through dinner while Sandra and I toyed with the food and traded glances. Afterwards Hallowell settled himself in an arm chair, a drink in one hand, a pencil in the other, making notes and drawing diagrams. Sandra said to me, "I'm furious with you, Jerry. Stuart neglects me shamefully as it is, and now you've given him a riddle that will keep him occupied for heaven knows how long!"

"Then I'll try to make it up to you. How about a dance?"

She stood up and molded herself into my arms. There was music coming from the hi-fi built into the wall of the rumpus room. Sandra danced without moving her feet. I kept an anxious eye on Hallowell. No matter how chummy we'd become, he was still the Boss Man. Sandra's lips brushed my ear. "He won't come up for air until he solves it." She was silent for a while, then said:

"No hands. I don't think it can be done." She leaned back and gazed up at me through her sun-bleached lashes. "I'm willing to bet on it!"

I thought briefly about wagering the bonus I had coming, then put it out of my mind. I couldn't afford it—in more ways than one.

"Make it easy on yourself," she taunted.

I shook my head and led her back to the sofa. "I think I'm on the right track now, Jerry." Hallowell said, stifling a yawn. "I'm going to sleep on it and start out fresh in the morning." He stood up and planted a kiss on his wife's cheek. "Good night, dear. Jerry, make yourself at home."

I tried to escape before he left, but Sandra trapped me into making her another drink. "You told Stuart you were willing to bet," she said as I handed her the drink. "How much?"

I spread my hands. "How much can you afford?"

Her gaze did not waver. "It can't be done. I'll stake everything on it. That bonus of yours is a nice round figure—unless you're chicken."

I had to accept the challenge. But I admit I was worried about how she would manage it. I needn't have. When we went upstairs, Sandra said good-night and went to her room, which was next to Stuart's at the opposite end of the hall from mine. I went to bed and tried to convince myself that the good country air was making me sleepy. I was on my second cigarette when the door softly opened and Sandra glided over to the bed.

"Remember," she whispered. "No hands."

I snuffed out the cigarette and reached up to turn out the light.

"Leave it on," she stopped my hand, smiling oddly into my eyes. "This I have to see."

Lying there beside me on the bed, Sandra presented the perfect picture of feminine allure. I left the light on, bent over and took an end of her thin chemise in my teeth and pulled.

The rest of that weekend was drowned in an ocean of spirits. Oddly, Hallowell seemed to have forgotten about that puzzle. He didn't mention it again. As for Sandra, she remained polite and friendly—the perfect hostess. I began to wonder whether or not it had been a dream. Early Sunday afternoon, Hallowell was called into town on business. I tried to continue my game with Sandra, but she acted as though I were no more than a friend—a very distant friend.

I didn't see Hallowell until the following Friday afternoon when I was called to his office. He met me at the door and told his secretary that we weren't to be disturbed.

"I have something very interesting to show you," he said as he guided me into his office with a pudgy arm across my shoulder.

The blinds were drawn and in the darkened room I could make out a screen and a movie projector.

"You'll like this," he gloated, as he switched on the projector.

A square frame of light appeared upon the screen and then it began. I saw myself and Sandra. I watched with pounding heart as I saw the caricature of me on the screen bend down over her seductive body and begin doing things that should only be shared in intimacy with a woman. The film seemed to last for hours and each frame was like being whipped with a fiery thong. Finally, it was over.

Hallowell switched on the light and leered at me.

"You lost," he said. "You *did* use your hands." ■■

MURDER ON TELEGRAPH TRAIL *cont'nued from page 44*

trail along the river. Such a view would have been useful for anyone preparing an ambush, wishing to study his victims in advance.

It began to snow again. From his knowledge of weather in the Far North, Corporal Ryan knew this was going to be a heavy fall. He started back for Hotshiku. That was one thing about solving mysteries in the Yukon. You didn't have to hurry. The terrible cold preserved clues for you. If blood had been spilled near the remote shack—and Ryan's intuition told him that it had been—it would still be there tomorrow, or next week, or next month.

It was possible, Ryan figured, that the three men had fallen through the ice of the river, but not probable. The stolen goods, the location of the place, the cutdown cottonwoods and the un-



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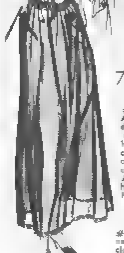




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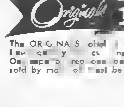


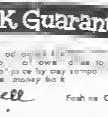


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finished meals indicated a criminal hideout and a ambuscade

There was on the Mountie force at the country's turn an Inspector named William Scarth. He was sometimes known as Silent Scarth because of his lack of enthusiasm for conversation of any kind.

Silent Scarth ordered a character report on two of the missing trio Clayson and Relfe. His purpose was to satisfy himself that they had not been the slayers of Ole Oleson. Clayson, from Seattle and Relfe a Virginian, assayed high. Both had made rich strikes. They would have been big game for killers Oleson then could have been bumped off because he had been with the two others.

Clayson, it was reported, had numbered among his possessions a unique gold nugget—unique because it was shaped much like a woman. As you can guess a thing like that was remembered because it had brought forth a good deal of unsolicited comment in Dawson bars. Scarth decided that the nugget might prove most valuable. But he said nothing.

He made a trip to the shack near Hutshiku. He stood in the clearing where the trees had been chopped down and examined the tree stumps. An inexpert woodsman he decided had chopped the trees with an ax that had three nicks in its blade.

Scarth found that when he kneeled down at the edge of the clearing he could see the river-telegraph trail for a considerable distance away. In such a position a man with field glasses or a telescope could observe the faces of south bound travelers—and south-bound travelers were the ones who were coming out frequently with furs sewn in their clothes.

His trained eyes told Scarth that under the surface snow around the shack there were no disturbances such as would have been made by bodies being dragged.

Scarth went inside the shack and sat at the table before one of the unfinished meals. He faced a window. He found that he had the same view that he had got outside while kneeling.

Things were coming into focus. Scarth deduced that the men in the shack had been eating on Christmas Day when they had seen the three south bound travelers. Through glasses they had identified Clayson and Relfe — prospectors known to have struck it rich.

The killers had not waited for the three men to pass along the trail where it was fairly close to the shack. The pair had sent down the travelers at a distance. Out in the open, with no cover near, the victims had little chance. They had probably never had time to figure out where the distant shots were coming from and return the fire.

To corroborate his deductions Scarth plotted the probable trajectories of the bullets. Over a period of days he and other Mounties painstakingly examined tree branches along the supposed bullet paths. Sure enough some of the branches bore bullet scars.

From a study of the marks Silent Scarth was now able to learn something else. One set of scars veered approximately forty-five degrees to the right of most of the other marks. This indicated that two of the victims had been quickly cut down while the third had succeeded in running some distance before being stopped.

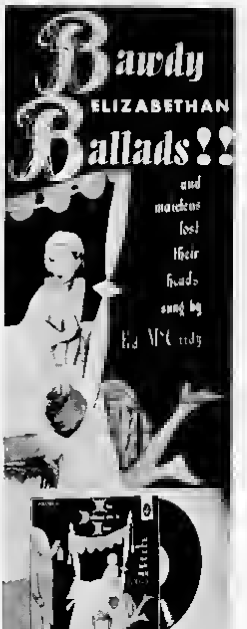
The snow was probed in the area where the men were figured to have fallen but the bodies were not there. Scarth wasn't surprised. The killers he figured had cut a hole in the river ice, dropped their victims through it and left the three corpses to the swift, strong current.

Scarth established a sort of headquarters in the shack. He had half a dozen men helping him now. For the most part they spent their time along the trail in the murder area, going through the snow almost literally flake by flake.

Meantime the interior of the shack was put under the official magnifying glass. The ashes in a pot bellied stove were sifted. Eyelets from a pair of moccasins appeared. Ole Oleson was known to have worn moccasins under his snow boots.

The search on the trail was hardly under way when it started to snow again. The fall continued off and on for several days, and the drifts mounted. The search had to be called off to await more favorable conditions.

Silent Scarth sneaked at his pipe. He had plenty of time, and he was far from being an impatient man. It was mid January now. He went to Dawson and began to poke around. He learned that a tall dark man with heavy black eyebrows and a perpetual scowl on his face had been seen watching Clayson and Relfe in a Dawson bar one night. Shortly after the New Year a dark, scowling man had gone into a Dawson store and swapped a telescope for



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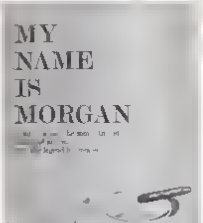
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some liquor

A big dark man with an English accent had got into a card game in the back room of a joint and Clayson's unique nugget—the nugget that was shaped like a woman—had gone into the pot and been won by somebody else

Here and there around Dawson in stores that sold lumber canvas, hardware and other materials similar to those that had gone into the construction of the shack near Hutshiku Silent Scarth learned that a purchaser—a dark scowling man—had been accompanied by a yellow mongrel dog. A yellow dog, mused Scarth—the same color as the dog hairs found on the rags in the shack

On February 25—two months to the day from the time that the three men had vanished—a drunken traveler fell through river ice near the Mounted Police barracks at Tagish The Mounties pulled him out. The man was a dark, scowling brasser by the name of George O'Brien In spite of his last name, he spoke with an English accent

The Mounties took O'Brien in and told him to strip and dry himself so he wouldn't catch pneumonia O'Brien was reluctant. The Mounties couldn't believe that his reluctance was due to modesty so they stripped him and found him to be loaded with cash and gold He looked like a vagrant. He couldn't, and wouldn't explain his wealth His boots became his captors

Silent Scarth figured he might have one of his men He had O'Brien held in jail at Tagish on a charge of vagrancy until he could resume the investigation along the river trail It was proving to be one hell of a snowy winter

In Dawson, in a rooming house where O'Brien had lived, Scarth learned that the man had been chummy with an evil looking little runt by the name of Joe Graves. This man Graves had dropped from sight around Christmas time

Outside of the little Tagish jail there appeared a yellow mongrel dog It hung around, whining and yelping

The dog was let into the jail It made for O'Brien It licked his hands and it licked his face He glowered at it and swore at it and then he kicked it He said he knew nothing about the dog and had never seen it before The Mounties knew better

Late in March the winter began to let up a little O'Brien was still in jail.

(continued on page 68)


INSTRUCTOR
AL
SARGENT

Scarth and his men went back to the snow. They worked with shovels and brooms and sometimes on their hands and knees.

The yellow dog had adopted the Mounties in the Tagish barracks, or vice versa. It went with them wherever they went. It was brought out here with them now, on the river trail.

The Mounties watched the dog closely. It seemed to be in familiar territory, to recognize its surroundings when it reached the vicinity of the shack. One of the men said to it, "Go home! Go home, boy!" The dog lit out for the shack like an arrow going for a target although the shack was not visible from the point where the Mountie gave the command.

This did a dog link George O'Brien, as certainly as he could have been linked by any witness who could talk, to the place where two killers had stalked their victims.

The first thing that was discovered in the snow was a dark brown stain. "Oleson's tobacco juice!" said a Mountie.

Meanwhile, the dog stuck close to the Mounties. One day he began to sniff and yelp as he pawed at the snow. "What is it, boy?" asked Oleson's friend, Corporal Kyan, for the dog might as well have spoken and said, "I've found something."

What the mongrel had been sniffing at was a frozen pool of blood. The snow all around the blood was shoveled into pails and melted. Two things showed up in the pails—a piece of a gold-filled front tooth, and a .40-82 rifle bullet. The area where the bullet and the piece of tooth had been found was at the end of the orientated trajectory that had been forty-five degrees to the right of the other bullet markings on the tree branches. Ole Oleson had had gold-filled front teeth. He, then, had been the man who had made a run for it and had succeeded in going a little way before the marksman had brought him down.

As the search continued, O'Brien's yellow dog was used as a sort of a divining rod. When the dog showed excitement for the second time, the Mounties guessed they had come upon the spot where Clayson and Relfe had fallen. They were not disappointed. They found not only pools of blood, but a ring of keys and some reddish hair. Relfe had reddish hair.

There was no fraction of a doubt left in the mind of Inspector Scarth that O'Brien and the Vanished Joe Graves had been the murderers of Oleson, Clayson and Relfe. But you can't hang a man on a belief in his guilt and a certain amount of circumstantial evidence, and that's all that Scarth had, from a legal point of view. Scarth had to have at least one body before he could hope to go into court, and the Yukon River was notoriously niggardly with bodies.

Scarth sat down and wrote letters—to Scotland Yard, to the police of Clayson's home town of Seattle, and to the police of Relfe's home town in Virginia.

Weeks passed. Mile after mile of shore line of the Yukon was searched for the bodies, without result. Silent Scarth's correspondence, however, began to pay off.

O'Brien and Joe Graves had criminal records in England. Both had been in Dartmoor Prison for crimes of violence. That was where they had met. Graves had once been employed by the Chinese government to shoot deserters from the Chinese Army, and had quite a reputation as a marksman. It began to look as if he and not O'Brien had been the actual murderer of the three travelers.

The keys found in the snow had belonged to Clayson and had been forwarded to the Seattle police who ascertained that they fitted drawers, cabinets and doors in the man's home. Relatives of Relfe in Virginia gave their local police an old hairbrush, belonging to the missing man, and the brush was sent on to Scarth. The hairs in the brush were precisely the same reddish hue as the hairs recovered from the snow.

O'Brien, still being held as a vagrant in the Tagish jail, was turning out to be one of the toughest characters ever encountered by the Mounties. Scarth's men revealed each new find to the prisoner. O'Brien would just scowl a little more than usual and ask them why they didn't charge him with murder if they thought he had killed the missing men.

Well, if O'Brien was sure of himself, so was Silent Scarth. The inspector was a devout believer in long-range justice. He believed too that Providence helped those who helped themselves. Since he and his men had done everything humanly possible, he was confident that Providence would not let those three bodies be destroyed.

And sure enough the bodies were found. They were on sand bars many miles from the scene of the murders. One was discovered on May 21, five months after the murders; one on June 11, and the last on June 25, six months to the day from the fateful Yuletide.

It was only after the bodies had been found that the painstaking work of the Mounties was shown in its full value. The faces of the three men had been hacked beyond recognition. But Scarth was able to prove identity in two cases out of three, and lacked only one case of proof. The hair from the snow and from Relfe's brush exactly matched that of one corpse. The piece of gold-filled front tooth recovered from the melted snow filled perfectly to a broken tooth in the mouth of the corpse identified from the dental work as Oleson's.

And so they hung the bad man one August day. Of course the case was not closed. There was Joe Graves remaining. They found not Graves but his remains. Apparently O'Brien had finished him off after he had helped him with the three murders. Graves had been buried with two interesting exhibits—a .40-82 rifle, the caliber used in the murders, and the ax with which O'Brien had hacked him to death. The ax had three nicks in the edge of its blade—nicks that matched the marks in the chopped-down cotton woods.

Curiously, the dog hung around Tagish until after the body of Joe Graves was found. Then one night it slunk off into the silences, never to be seen again.

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A BOMB FOR PHILOMENA

continued from page 35

Indian mining folk snch as these and he by no means fnlly nnderstood them He did not know that these monntain people would not nnder any circnmstances bear witness against one of their own in a case snch as this one These mountain Indians had their own ideas of right and wrong and justice, just as they had their own attitnde toward ontside prosecutors and jndges and nothing whatever could have indnced them to testify against Natalio

On the witness stand the people who had been in the hnt declared withont wavering that they had not seen the person who threw the bomb When they were asked by the desperate prosecutor whether they thonght Natalio might have done it, they said the bomb might have been thrown by a former lover of the Crespo woman a man known throughout the state for his jealous nature and hot temper He was they said a man who was ready to do anything if he felt insnlted

Filomena went further still She said she had known Natalio very well since she had been his esposa for a conple of years and that she was absolutely sure he would never do such a thing that he wonld in fact be the last man on earth to do so She said she was certain Natalio had never had an affair with the Crespo woman, that she conld not even imagine he might have wanted to do the Crespo woman any harm Natalio she said solemnly was not of a violent natnre bnt was instead surely the most peaceful man she conld think of

The prosecutor stared at Filomena nnbelievingly "The prosecntion rests," he said

Natalio's attorney provided by the state had not said one word so far Now he rose and said "The defense rests also!"

The jnry retired Less than an hour later, becanse they had business to attend to they retnrned

"Not gnilty!" the foreman said

Natalio was set free immediately Then he and the witnesses, incinding Filomena and her new man went to the nearest saloon to celebrate the acquittal with two bottles of mescal The bottles passed from month to month no one bothering with a glass thongh now and then one of them wonld put a pinch of salt between his teeth

After the bottles were empty Natalio returned to his job There were still a few hours of his working day left, and he honest miner that he was did not want to miss them.

On the first Satnrday night following the trial, Natalio attended a dance in the village There, dancing with Rudecindo Ortega was a young woman who pleased him greatly After Natalio had danced with her twice, and discovered that her name was Lolita and that she was neither married to Rndecindo Ortega nor even living with him in his hut he retired to his own lonely hut for an hont to think things over

Then his mind made up Natalio returned to the woman, reminded her he was a sober man who could stick by his job and earn his money and asked her to live with him as his wife She qnickly agreed to do so

Lolita arrived at his hut the next day bringing with her all her belongings in a sugar sack which she hung up on a peg Once settled she looked aronnd the hut cleaned the floor and began to prepare snpper

While the beans were cooking Natalio walked to the general store to bny his new woman a comb On his way ont of the store he saw Rudecindo Ortega star ing thoughtfully at the pile of rnbbish and empty tin cans near the door He spoke to Rudecindo, but the other man seemed to be brooding abont something and did not answer

When Natalio returned home he went to the back of the hut lay down and stared up at the ceiling

"You do not seem happy Natalio," Lolita said "Why is that?"

"Ah, but you are mistaken," Natalio said "What man wonld not be happy with such a treasnre?"

Lolita pnt the steaming beans on the table Then as she tnrned back toward the hearth she saw lying in the middle of the earthen floor a large tin can to which a smoking fuse was attached

Natalio saw it too and in the same instant realized why Rudecindo Ortega had been staring so thoughtfully at the pile of tin eans and rubbish beside the general store

The woman escpade unhnrt Of Natalio Salvatorres, though not even so much as a shirt bntton was ever found for the woman to remember him by END

THE CITY GIRL

continued from page 24

of Pennsylvania Station into the street I was flabbergasted No it wasn t the tall buildings or the mad traffic and neise that got me What really hit me were the girls.

What variety!

There were big girls and little girls pretty ene and hemely ones dark girls with vivacious black eyes and cool blondes who looked as though they ewned the world They came in every shape and size and in all colers It seemed to me that every variety of female was gathered here for my per sonal pleasnre All I had to do was choose I knew then that I did the right thing in coming

It took me a couple of months to



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My fingers and head are by a weight lifted off them! Why I did multiply in my head. Thanks to learning ease of E-Z MATH. Now a lot time I have to figure on the number one daughter. So can really play 237 726547 by 12. It's time to and mind is easy. I use it myself on my job and my wife uses it to check grocery bills.

A Fathe

also shows a unique new teaching approach to which I compliment you. It's the best I've seen. Feature makes it easy for the child to understand just. Should help a long job. I shall tell my friends about it.

—SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Thank you. Thank you! Thank you! All in all my son is using your system now and I'll say he is my happiest and most exciting friend who has recently changed his attitude toward arithmetic. He used to hate it. Now he is using your system and is getting A's. Thank you again.

HOUSEWIFE

My employer Jon Moore asked to apply for accompanied by read E-Z MATH. Now that no one do tough job and getting I am pretty noted him to head of his department with a $35 weekly increase a good now taught of my employer and E-Z MATH. I they want to get ahead in—Tobi

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(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$\frac{9864372}{3146}$? (Solve in 9 seconds)

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4}$ = ? (Solve in 4 seconds)

7½% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ? (Solve in 3 seconds)

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E-Z MATH PROGRAM
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get set I started peddling my novel and to eat I landed a job as an elevator operator at a big college in Greenwich Village I had heard about those wild goods from my uncle Nat and this was the place where I wanted to be I found a nice two-room walk up not far from the school and fixed it up with things on the well a comfortable couch and everything that a young bachelor needs I was ready

I was ready, but I soon found out that the Big City wasn't ready for me —or at least the girls weren't ready That's why I'm writing down my experiences so that any other young man who comes to the big town won't make the same mistakes I made Let's face it A city girl is a breed apart as different from the country variety as black is different from white Let me tell you what I mean

The first girl who caught my eye was Edna You had to see her to believe her Edna wasn't exactly pretty, but she wasn't exactly homely, either and let me tell you, that gal was stacked You just couldn't tear your eyes away, even if you wanted

Well, I got to talking to Edna every chance I could One time I even took her on three full trips up and down the elevator and just talked She looked at me through those glasses she wore and told me she liked the way I talked

It was real she said Honest to God those were her exact words

I figured that if she liked my talking, maybe she would like me too so I asked for a date Since enough, she said yes

Edna didn't want to go to a movie or anything like that She just wanted to talk She took me to one of those coffee shops near the school that was full of bearded guys playing chess and girls with long hair and black tights It was fine except that the coffee cost 60¢ a cup and at those prices we should have been drinking bourbon

Anyhow Edna wanted to know everything about Iowa and the farm I grew up on She asked the strangest questions and kept shaking her head up and down and muttering "how interesting" Everytime she shook her head like that her chest would take to jiggling—you know, it was like too much

Finally, I told her we could talk just as well at my place and I had some photographs of the farm to show her I really didn't but I wanted her to come

She came She examined my place like it was a museum and told me it was quaint

I figured we had talked enough so I grabbed her up in my arms and kissed her hard

"That was sudden" Edna said

"A fellow has to start sometime" I told her

"That's true," she agreed after thinking about it for a minute She didn't seem to mind so I kissed her again and maneuvered her towards the couch I kissed her a few more times and moved away from her lips and reached one of her ears when Edna spoke

"Do you like this kind of thing?" she asked

"Sure, I like it" I answered "Don't you?"

Edna stopped to think for a minute "Do it again," she said

I obliged I chewed on the soft part of her ear real gentle

"Yes" she said thinking hard "I do like it In fact it's quite interesting, a pleasant sensation"

I heard her, but I wasn't about to answer I had gotten downright interested in what I was doing and kept right on

"You're getting excited" Edna said after a while

"That's natural"

"But what is it that excites you?" She twisted her head up to look at me "Is it just the closeness of our bodies, or is it the idea of what's coming?

"Both I guess," I said

"I can feel myself getting excited too" Edna reported "Kiss me again here" She pointed to a spot on the back of her neck I did just that

She said "It's a very strong sensation I enjoy it I was just thinking how funny it is that all men seem to follow the same pattern in love making First they kiss your lips then other parts of your face and then what's the matter?

By this time I was so cool that I might as well have been sitting in the refrigerator and I guess my face showed it I knew when I was beat. I got off the couch and went over to the chair and lit a cigarette

Edna frowned She seemed to really be puzzled "What's the matter?" she repeated "Don't you like me?"

I tried to explain but it wasn't any use Edna was hurt I took her home and never saw her again

You can imagine how that experi-

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once unnerved me. It really brought me low. Intellectuals, I decided, weren't for me. Soon after, I quit my job at the school and got another with an advertising agency as a copywriter.

The odd thing about this job was that my boss was a woman. Well, I guess in the big city this isn't very odd, but for me it was a new experience. Elise, I guess, was typical of female bosses. She was the executive type—efficient, hard-working and able to curse you out as well as any man.

But Elise was a woman. In fact she was as pretty a blondie as I'd ever known. She had a handsome face and a really magnificent figure. I really liked her, so when she enssented to go out with me, I was determined not to waste the opportunity.

We ended up in her apartment watching television.

She brought me a drink and then sat down next to me to watch the TV. We watched a few programs and then she turned the dam thing off. There we were with nothing to say. I tried to make some small talk but didn't do too well. Soon we were sitting there without saying a thing.

The time for decision had come. There was only one way to get rid of the temptation that had been bothering me for weeks. I kissed her.

There was no reaction. I mean, I might as well have been kissing a statue. Maybe poor Elise had been so busy getting to be a boss that she forgot what her body was for. Anyway, she sat absolutely still. My hopes began to rise. Then they were dashed. Elise snddenly seemed to realize what was going on. She pulled herself away from me, but I just held on tighter.

"For goodness' sake," she said. "What's come over you?"

"I want you," I said.

"Let go of me," she said.

"I don't want to," I said.

"For goodness' sake," she said again. "And then—Stop this NON SENSE!"

The force of that word practically threw me off the couch. I let go. She sat up and patted her hair into place.

"Really," she said, "what on earth came over you?"

"I've wanted to do that for weeks," I said, "and I though you wanted to do that too."

"What ever gave you that idea." She was the boss again—cold efficient and ordering. "I think you'd better leave now, before you completely lose your mind."

After an experience like that, I couldn't very well face her again. I quit the advertising game and took a job in a downtown bookshop where I ran into a third type of city girl: the Bohemian.

Sylvia came into the shop to look for a book and I noticed her immediately. Her hair wasn't combed and she was wearing blue jeans and a bulky sweater. I guess she didn't have to comb her hair or wear pretty clothes because even this way Sylvia was a knockout. I walked over to her and offered to help her find whatever she wanted. She looked at me, right square in the eye.

"Do you want to help me, or make me?" she asked.

That threw me off. I had never heard a girl talk like that before. I studied her for a minute and decided to take the plunge.

"Both," I said. "I want to help—and I would like to make you."

She approved of my answer.

"You're honest," she said. "I like that."

She liked it enough in fact to invite me to her pad. I arrived that night at the appointed hour. I knocked on the door and heard her voice telling me to come in. The room I walked into was absolutely empty except for a bed that sat right on the floor in one corner. Sylvia wasn't there. I heard a shower running somewhere, so I sat on the bed and waited.

I didn't have to wait long. In a minute she walked in soaking wet and naked as the day she was born. I jumped up from the bed and gulped.

"What's the matter," Sylvia asked. "Haven't you ever seen a girl before?"

I muttered something and sat down again on the bed. Sylvia however pulled a towel out of a closet and invited me to wipe. Well, I was brought up to be a gentleman at all times. I couldn't refuse a lady. I took the towel and proceeded to wipe—vigorously.

"MMMmmmmm." Sylvia purred. "That's very nice."

As I wiped Sylvia snddenly wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"You haven't kissed many girls, have you?" she asked when she turned me loose.

"No," I admitted. "How can you tell?"

"It shows," she stroked my head. "You're very sweet. There's one nice thing about inexperience. It's so easy to fix."

And Sylvia proceeded to fix it right there and then. After she gave me a thorough lesson in the art of kissing, she moved on to more advanced aspects of love.

Now this was all very well and good but somehow it just didn't seem right to me. After all, I was the man and here she was treating me as though I was a child. As the lesson progressed, I discovered my interest waning. In fact I got downright sore. I told Sylvia that I came there to make love to her—not the other way around!

She told me I didn't know how and was merely trying to help. If I didn't want her help, she said, I could get out. She didn't want any amateurs mauling her. What more could I say? I left with a show of proper masculine dignity.

As you've probably guessed already, I couldn't make it with the Bohemian type either. The city was no place for a farm boy like me. But then I met Margie.

Margie wasn't beautiful or bright or bossy or bohemian. She was just a nice girl who liked life and enjoyed a good time. I met her in the library and took to her from the start. We went out a couple of times before we were sure that we were right for each other. Margie wasn't too anxious to get serious, unless she was sure, and believe me, I was happy to let our friendship develop along normal lines, too.

Well, Margie changed my whole outlook on the big city. Margie you see, is something special. She's a big city girl, but she hails from Nebraska—from a small farm in the midst of nowhere.

So there you are. There's the moral of my story. When in the big city don't play with the big city gals—find one who comes from the same kind of place you come from. END

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